

arin's laundry he asked, eagerly, "Well, did you meet a child?"

"I did," replied the butterfly, calmly. "It was a pretty, golden-haired girl, but now 'tis a grunting pig!"

"Good! Good! Good!" cried the mandarin, dancing joyfully about the room. "You shall have molasses for your supper, and to-morrow you must change two children into pigs."

The butterfly did not reply, but ate the molasses in silence. Having no soul it had no conscience, and having no conscience it was able to lie to the mandarin with great readiness and a certain amount of enjoyment.

The next morning, by the mandarin's command, the butterfly dipped its feet in the mixture and flew away in search of children.

When it came to the edge of the town it noticed a pig in a sty, and alighting upon the rail of the sty it looked down at the creature and thought:

"If I could change a child into a pig by touching it with the magic compound, what could I change a pig into, I wonder?"

Being curious to determine this fine point in sorcery the butterfly fluttered down and touched its front feet to the pig's nose. Instantly the animal disappeared, and in its place was a shock-headed, dirty-looking boy, which sprang from the sty and ran down the road uttering loud whoops.

"That's funny," said the butterfly to itself. "The mandarin would be very angry with me if he knew of this, for I have liberated one more of the creatures that bother him."

It fluttered along after the boy, who paused to throw stones at a cat. But pussy escaped by running up a tree, where thick branches protected her from the stones. Then the boy discovered a newly planted garden and trampled upon the beds until the seeds were scattered far and wide and the garden was ruined. Next he caught up a switch and struck with it a young calf that stood quietly grazing in a field. The poor creature ran away, with piteous bleats, and the boy laughed and followed after it, striking the frightened animal again and again.

"Really," thought the butterfly, "I do not wonder the mandarin hates children, if they are all so cruel and wicked as this one."

The calf having escaped him, the boy came back to the road, where he met two little girls on their way to school. One of them had a red apple in her hand, and the boy snatched it away and began eating it. The little girl commenced to cry, but her companion, more brave and sturdy, cried out:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you nasty boy!"

At this the boy reached out and slapped her pretty face, whereupon she also began to sob.

Although possessed of neither soul nor conscience, the butterfly had a very tender heart, and now decided it could endure this boy no longer.

"If I permitted him to exist," it reflected, "I should never forgive myself, for the monster would do nothing but evil from morning till night."

So it flew directly into his face and touched his forehead with its sticky front feet.

The next instant the boy disappeared, but a grunting pig ran swiftly up the road in the direction of its sty.

The butterfly gave a sigh of relief.

"This time I have indeed used the mandarin's magic upon a child," it whispered, as it floated lazily upon the light breeze; "but since the child was originally a pig I do not think I have any cause to reproach myself. The little girls were sweet and gentle, and I would not injure them to save my life, but were all boys like this transformed pig, I should not hesitate to carry out the mandarin's orders."

Then it flew into a rose-bush, where it remained comfortably until evening. At sundown it returned to its master.

"Have you changed two of them into pigs?" he asked at once.

"I have," replied the butterfly. "One was a pretty black-eyed baby, and the other a freckle-faced, red-haired, barefooted newsboy."

"Good! Good! Good!" screamed the mandarin, in an ecstasy of delight. "Those are the ones who torment me the most! Change every newsboy you meet into a pig!"

(Continued on page 6.)

COMING TOMORROW
THE ONLY ORIGINAL GREAT GRAND AND GLORIOUS
BARNYARD CIRCUS
WITH STUPENDOUS AND UNEQUALED ATTRACTIONS

THE DEATH-DEFYING DARENS
KINGS OF THE AIR
DEFYIN THE LAWS
OF GRAVITATION

DALE
AND
NED
HARRISON

OSCAR OLIVER
THE ONLY LIVING HUMAN
HOOP MAN
CAPTURED AT THE COST OF
MANY BARRELS IN THE
IMPENETRABLE STAVE FOREST

SLICK ALEC
THE BRAVE BOUNDING BARE-BACK RIDER
RIDES ON HIS HAND WITH FEET IN MID-AIR
EXCEPT WHEN THE ANIMAL STOPS TO EAT

BARRY THE EQUILIBRIST
WALKS THE TIGHT ROPE
WITH THE EASE OF A FLY

MARVELOUS MAMMOTH MENAGERIE
SIGNOR RICARDO HILLER → **DICK HILLER**
THE WORLD'S GREATEST ANIMAL TRAINER

WOOTSIE
THE WORLD'S MOST INTELLIGENT PIG
KNOWS A BUTCHER FIVE BLOCKS AWAY

PIRATE
THE CHAMPION
BEAR OF THE WORLD
IT TOOK TEN SLOOPS TO CAPTURE HIM

JOE
THE MOST WONDERFUL DOG EXTANT
CAN BARK IN NINE DIFFERENT LANGUAGES
ONLY WE DON'T KNOW IT

PERFORMS THE WONDERFUL TRICK—TOSSES APPLE IN AIR AND CATCHES IT IN HIS MOUTH.

SEE
THE HANDSOME RINGMASTER
THE MAMMOTH CIRCUS RING
THE AERIAL SWINGS
THE FUNNIEST CLOWN ALIVE
SIZZIE THE WONDERFUL GOOSE
WONDERFUL FEATS OF FEARFUL DARING
MARVELOUS MANOEUVRES OF MAJESTIC MUMMERY
CLEVER CONTORTIONS BY CURIOUS CREATURES

MARCH
10
MINA'S BARNYARD
GATES OPEN 1 O'CLOCK
PERFORMANCE 2 O'CLOCK
ADMISSION—ANYTHING

**GIRLS WHO HAVE
BECOME FAMOUS.**

Marcella Sembrich.

A GOOD many years ago a poor little Polish girl, with big, dark eyes, ill-clad, ill-fed, cold and weary, was passing along a street where a big poster, covered with bright, red letters, announced the fact that Adelina Patti, the greatest soprano of her time, would sing that night and the next night at the opera house of the town. Poor little Marcella Kokhansky stopped and carefully spelled out the letters, and was then and there devoured with a great desire to hear Patti sing, for she loved music with all her soul.

Somehow or other she must hear this great singer. Going home, she gathered up all her savings, a mere dollar, earned by hard work hammering an old piano in a dance-hall, where she played nightly for dancing-parties—a dollar that had been saved to buy shoes.

The next day, in company with a surging, fighting crowd, she climbed the narrow stairs to the gallery of the opera house, panting, but happy. Huddled up in a corner seat for two hours she sat entranced. When she came out of the hot, close theatre, with the beautiful voice of Patti ringing in her ears, she determined that she, too, would some day become a singer, and that she, too, would stand on a platform and sing to others the songs that welled up in her heart.

To-day Mme. Patti has retired from the operatic stage, and this once poor little girl, who went without food and shoes to hear her sing, is everywhere acclaimed as one of the greatest women singers of the day, for she is now called Marcella Sembrich, and gets \$2,000 a night.

Marcella was the daughter of a poor Polish gentleman, and was born in Galicia, Poland. Her father was a professional musician, and, early recognizing talent in his daughter, began to teach her the piano when she was only four years old.

She was allowed no playtime. When she wasn't practising her piano or her violin she was set to work by her father copying music, for they were so poor that they could not buy any.

At the time when things looked the darkest for the little Marcella an aged Polish gentleman heard her play at some musicale and became so interested in her genius and ability that he secured for her admission to the conservatory at Leopel. She was here placed under charge of a young piano teacher, Wilhelm Stengel, who drilled her for four years.

When she was about sixteen years of age she was sent by Herr Stengel to Vienna to study with Julius Eppstein, a famous teacher. Coming in one day and accidentally hearing her singing, he sent for her, and said that he had recognized the beautiful voice she owned, and advised her to give up for a time the study of violin and piano and take up instead vocal work.

Marcella made her first public appearance in Italian opera singing "I Puritani," and from there went to Germany and studied German opera under Richard Levy. She had now taken the name of her mother, Sembrich, and was known on the stage as Marcella Sembrich.

Soon after this she went to London, and was so successful there that she immediately became world-famous, and was engaged by Grau to sing in America.

One night when she was singing in Boston at a benefit performance given for Henry Abbott, a noted actor, and had been recalled time after time, she came forward, carrying her violin, and, stepping out, played exquisitely some of the things she had studied as a little girl, with her father. The applause was tremendous, for never before had so wonderful a prima donna played a violin so beautifully in public.

She afterward said that on this night, above all others, did she realize that the ambitions of the little ragged girl of so long ago had become true, and that, as she sat and listened to Patti so many years ago, so now did people listen to her.

Madame Sembrich has a lovely home in Dresden, Germany, where she lives with her husband, Wilhelm Stengel, the young man who first taught her the piano, and there is nothing Mr. Stengel likes to talk of so much as the little, black-eyed girl who came to him for lessons, and whom he soon grew to love.